

# OCALA EVENING STAR

Volume 11 Number 129.

OCALA, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1905

Fifty Cents a Month, \$5 a Year

## FRESH ARRIVALS

Fancy Crackers in bulk, also in packages.  
—A FULL LINE OF—  
Sauer Kraut in bulk.  
Mince Meat.  
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Citron, Lemon and Orange Peeling.  
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for children's safe, sure, no opiates

## WRITTEN IN ASHES

By Crittenden Marriot

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Come to me. I must see you. KATE.  
The words on the telegraph blank danced before Frank Howard's eyes, keeping time to the joyful throbbing of his heartstrings. "Come to me," he echoed gleefully. "That means yes, of course. Talk about luck! Let's see! It's 8 o'clock now; if I can catch the 9 o'clock train I ought to get there by tomorrow noon."

"Yes, sah, Miss Mason's in, sah. Walk right in, sah." The old colored man drew aside the thick portieres that hung in the doorway and admitted Frank to the parlor. The voices of both had been low and the man's footsteps made no sound on the soft carpet as he advanced into the room—advanced so silently that a girl, standing by the mantel, with her face resting on her outflung arm, did not hear his approach.

Frank halted and gazed at her with devouring eyes. There she stood, she whom he had come a thousand miles to see. She had sent for him and he had come. Henceforth she was his forever.

Suddenly a muffled sob reached his ear. "Oh, Frank," came a murmur. "I've lost you; lost you!"

Half smiling, half grieving, the man started forward. "Oh, no, Kate," he exclaimed. "You haven't lost me—nor shall you."

With a startled cry the girl swung round. Then she threw up her hand, fending him off. "Mr. Howard!" she exclaimed. "Oh! Oh! I—I beg your pardon. You—you startled me. When—when did you arrive?"

"This minute. Old Tom let me in. I—I couldn't help hearing what you said. Oh, Kate!"

"You didn't. I didn't say anything. You heard nothing. Oh, if you are a gentleman you will forget everything you heard. Oh, I can't stand it! I can't stand it." With a sudden turn she tried to rush from the room.

But Frank intercepted her. "Kate, Kate," he cried. "I'll forget it if you want me to, though it was the sweetest thing I ever heard. But—"

"Cease! Cease! You will drive me mad!"

"Why so, Kate, darling? Don't you care for me at all? I hoped when you telegraphed me—"

"I telegraphed you! I didn't! I didn't! What do you mean?"

"You didn't telegraph me! Then who did?" Instantly it flashed on Frank that his letter must have fallen into the hands of some practical joker, who had taken advantage of it to mock him. "It was a cruel trick," he continued bitterly. "A cruel trick."

"Trick," echoed the girl, her eyes half blinded with scolding tears, which she tried desperately to crush back. "It was no trick. Kate telegraphed you, of course. Who else?"

"Kate? What Kate?"

"What Kate! My cousin, Kate Breck, of course."

"Kate Breck! What in God's name had she to do answering my letter to you?"

"To me?" The girl faltered, and her cheek changed suddenly from red to white. "To me?" she whispered again. "To me? Oh! With a gesture of despair she buried her face in her hands."

With a single step, Frank was by her side and had grasped her roughly in his arms. "Yes," he cried. "Yes, to you. To you, whom I have loved ever since the first minute I saw you. To you, who have been my star of hope for more than a year. To you, of whom I have thought, for whom I have toiled, for whom I have— Oh, how could there be any mistake about it? I wrote to you and to you only. I—"

"Your letter was addressed to Kate Breck," sobbed the girl.

"It couldn't have been," insisted the man, pressing the yielding form closer and closer. "I remembered the similarity of the names even when I was writing and took particular pains to make sure I addressed it to you—to you to you. But it doesn't matter now—nothing matters now. My darling, I have surprised your secret. Forgive me for it, though God knows how happy it makes me. But I give you mine in exchange. I love you! I love you!"

But the girl pushed him back, freeing herself suddenly.

"It is too late," she said hollowly—"too late. Your letter came to Kate, and she accepted you. She loves you, Frank, almost as much as I do, I think, and she has accepted you. You must go through with it now. You will pretend—you will marry her?"

"Marry her? I will not! I'll do nothing so foolish. It was a mistake. I'll not ruin all our lives by pretending."

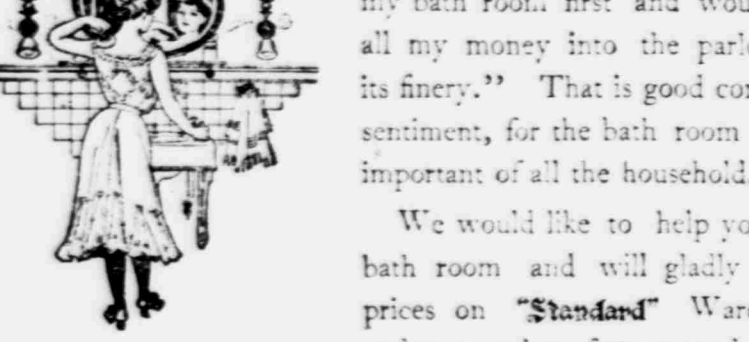
"But you must!"

"There is no need," interrupted a voice. And Kate Breck, white to the lips, but with a spot of bright color blazing on her cheeks, stepped into the parlor. "I owe you both an apology," she continued as the two faced her. "It wasn't my fault at first, but afterward. Your letter was addressed correctly. Mr. Howard, addressed to Kate Mason, but it was delivered to me by mistake with some other mail and was opened by me without noticing. You began 'Dear Kate,' and I had read it nearly through before I realized that something was wrong and looked at the envelope. Then I saw what had happened. My first impulse was to go straight to Kate. My second was to take advantage of your proposal to help me in a plan of my own. I—I quarreled—with a friend of mine—the other day and wanted to revenge my-

## That All Important Bath Room

You have often heard people remark "If I were ever to build, I would plan my bath room first and would not put all my money into the parlor with all its finery." That is good common sense sentiment, for the bath room is the most important of all the household.

We would like to help you plan your bath room and will gladly quote you prices on "Standard" Ware, the best and most sanitary fixtures made.



## FLORIDA PLUMBING & ELECTRIC CO.

## TAMPA AND RETURN, \$3.50

Via Atlantic Coast Line, on Account of the Florida State Fair

Tickets on sale November 14, and daily thereafter, except Saturdays and Sundays, up to and including all trains scheduled to arrive in Tampa before noon of November 30. Final limit of tickets December 1. J. S. Hartell, Division Passenger Agent, Tampa, Fla.

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Every ounce of food you eat that fails to digest does a pound of harm. It turns the entire meal into poison. This not only deprives the blood of the necessary tissue-building material but it poisons it. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a perfect digestant. It digests the food regardless of the condition of the stomach. It allows that organ to rest and get strong again. Relieves belching, heartburn, sour stomach, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, etc. Sold by the Anti-Monopoly Drugstore.

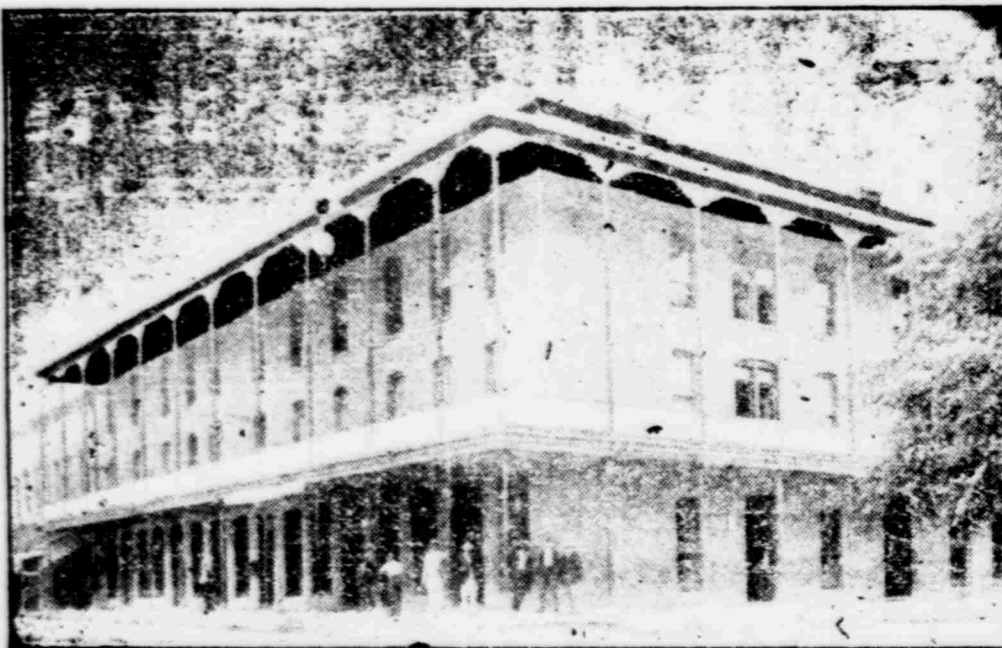
## RAILROAD RATES OF TAMPA FAIR

THE SEABOARD AIRLINE will sell tickets Nov. 14 and daily thereafter except Saturdays and Sundays, up to and including all trains scheduled to arrive in Tampa Nov. 30 at \$3.50 for the round trip.

## HERB W. EDWARDS INJURED

Herb W. Edwards of Des Moines, Ia., got a fall on an icy walk last winter, spraining his wrist and bruising his knees. "The next day," he says, "they were so sore and stiff I was afraid I would have to stay in bed. But I rubbed them well with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and after a few applications all soreness had disappeared." For sale by the Postoffice Drugstore.

## THE MONTEZUMA



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Natural Jap-a-Lac is the best varnish for

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either old or new. It dries with a beautiful luster, and retains its brilliancy through wear and tear right down to the wood. Besides Natural Jap-a-Lac comes in twelve colors. It is a stain and varnish combined, and rejuvenates everything about the home.

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A Full Stock of All Kinds of

## Jap-a-Lac

For Sale in Ocala by

MARION HARDWARE COMPANY

## AFTER THE SQUALL

By HONORE WILLISIE

Copyright, 1905, by Honore Willisie

The lake lay smooth and dark like a piece of smoked glass. Along the shore the early green of the trees melted into the hazy gray of the sky. At the college pier the reflection of the pier posts wavered serenely from the reflected roof of the boathouse.

"Fit to give one the nightmare," Peggy exclaimed as Jack handed her carefully into the boat.

"It does look squally," said Jack, taking up the oars; "the sky, I mean, not the reflection."

"Pool!" answered Peggy, curling herself up in the stern of the boat. "Do you suppose I'm going to let the prospect of a mere squall spoil my first boat ride of the year? Besides, we both can swim, can't we?"

Jack stared at Peggy with what was intended for a look of withering disdain.

"You bet, Peggy, if I thought there was any danger in this stunt I'd not take you."

Peggy raised her eyebrows. "Jack, what is the matter with you? Are you trying to be proud and haughty in an old sweater? My child, please recall that you had to be spanked into having your face washed. It is now, oh, Jack, too late to make an impression on my fresh young heart, I—"

"Gee, but you're crazy!" murmured Jack.

"And I," went on Peggy, ignoring the interruption, "I wish to state that this sudden development of courtesy in one who has pulled my hair and whose ears I have boxed both in sorrow and in anger makes me feel the necessity of reminding you that it is useless for you to fuss and put on airs, for you are nothing but a freshman after all."

Jack dug his ears viciously into the water, splashing his own red jersey and Peggy's white sweater.

"Strikes me you entered the same day I did. What time does that bloom in' matron say you'll have to be back?"

"Six o'clock. Otherwise it's Peggy before the house committee, and the Rotary club depends on me to get the lichen to them before 7," she answered, making herself into a still smaller ball in the stern seat. The boat leaked a little.

"Oh, we'll be back in time easy. We'll reach the pines in half an hour."

Peggy looked a little anxiously at the sky. "That wind is coming up, Jack," she said. "I guess I'd get out the extra oars and help."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," answered Jack. "It's not a girl's work."

Peggy looked up quickly, then smiled to herself and settled back in her place again. It was very still and sheltered among the pines. The soft new needles smelled deliciously of spring, and the water was only a faraway sigh in the treetops. The pine trees murmured, robins flickered among the soft fuzz of the new needles. Suddenly Jack pulled out his watch.

"Gee whiz," he said, "it's five minutes of 6!"

Peggy could feel herself going white. "Jack," she gasped, "it's not a funny joke to be hauled up by the house committee. They are all seniors, and no one is so hard on a freshman as a senior. They have been through all these scrapes and know how to strike hard."

They ran to the shore. In the shelter of the pines they had not realized that a heavy squall had grown out of the light wind of the afternoon. The water was thick with whitecaps, and the wind tore across the lake as if determined to aid the house committee against the delinquent Peggy.

Jack looked out at the water with lips tight pressed. "Peggy," he said, "I'll not venture out with you with a sea like that one, house committee or no house committee."

"Jack Howard," replied Peggy, "you've got to."

"Peggy!" He threw back his shoulders and eyed Peggy with dignity. "Peggy, you are not going to be drowned while I am around. I tell you I will not go till the squall is over."

Peggy threw back her girlish shoulders and eyed Jack with even greater dignity than his own.

"I'll not speak to you, Jack Howard, until you launch that boat." And with this she pulled her tam o' shanter down over her curly hair, walked back to the edge of the pines and, sitting down in the needles, stared with marked indifference at the sky above Jack's head.

Jack stood irresolute for a moment. Peggy had never looked more tantalizing. The white tam shaded a face that was almost irresistible, and he was conscious of an insane desire to obey the behests of that capricious, curvy head even though so doing might lead to the bottom of the lake. But another look at the water and he withdrew to the foot of the tree opposite Peggy.

After lighting his pipe he studied the boots with impassive face. Minute after minute went by, and the cold spring dusk came on.

"I'm just freezing to this old pine tree," thought Peggy. "But I just won't give in. Doesn't he look dear and tragic, though? I wouldn't have missed this row for anything. How do bring out the character so. Now, who would have thought that I could be so firm?"

Little by little as the night settled down the wind sank, and as it sank a fine misting rain set in. Lake and shore, pines and sky slowly melted into one gray green tone that gave

(Concluded on Fourth Page)

'Phone 150

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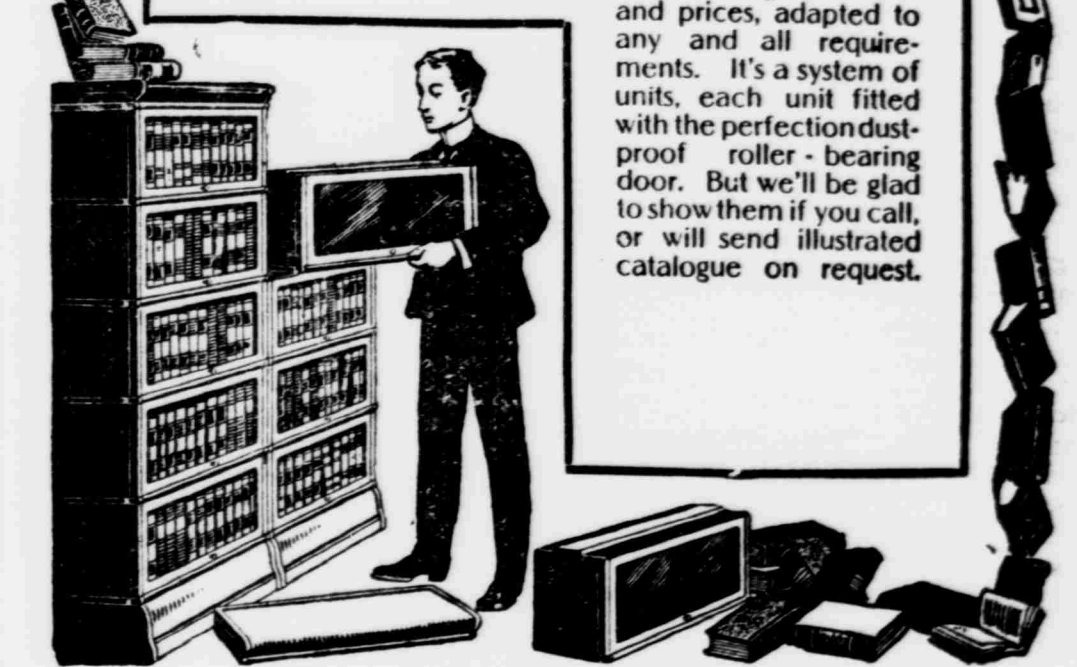
## PROTECT YOUR BOOKS!

They're too valuable to be strewn about the room or house exposed to dust and damage! Of course you can't help it, if your book-case is full and of the old style solid construction. Better get rid of such a case, or start a new one that will always accommodate your books without being either too large or too small—one that grows with your library and always fits it. The

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is the original and only up-to-date sectional book-case and is made by the largest manufacturers of such goods in the world. It's furnished in a variety of grades, sizes and prices, adapted to any and all requirements. It's a system of units, each unit fitted with the perfect dust-proof roller-bearing door. But we'll be glad to show them if you call, or will send illustrated catalogue on request.



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